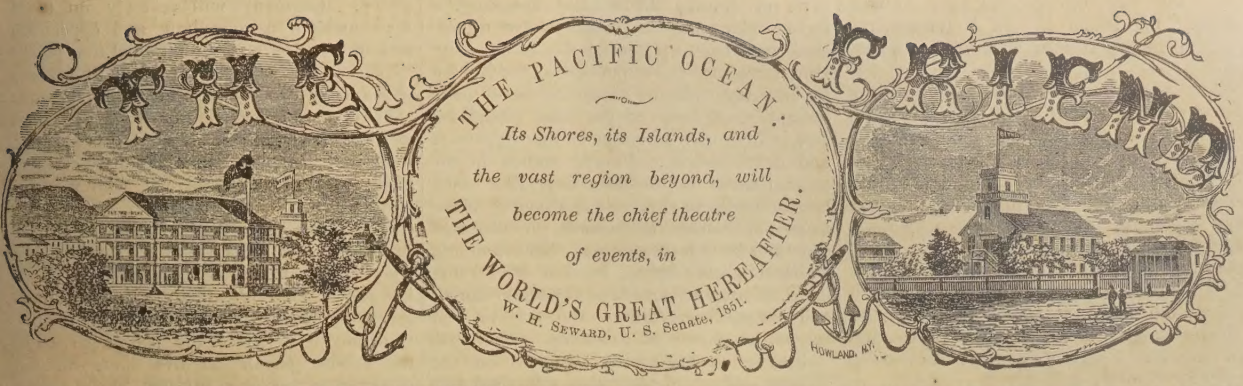

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THE FRIEND.

NOVEMBER 1. 1880.

THE action of the Board of Immigration in appointing Rev. H. Bingham Special Inspector and Protector of the recent immigrants, is a strong guarantee of the good faith of the Government in its honorable professions of regard for the welfare of this people. It is to be regretted that the actions and representatives of some of the Labor Agents sent to the islands Southward, have been in conflict with the language used in the Report at the late Session. We believe that the Government will deal fairly and honorably by these poor creatures. Many of them are dying in the hospital, easily succumbing to influences which would have no such fatal effect on people of different temperament and constitution.

WITH the present tide of prosperity in the business condition and prospects of the community, there ought to be a rising and a rousing up of public sentiment in favor of better educational opportunities for our young people, Punahou ought to receive liberal endowments. The Government Schools in Honolulu where English is taught, ought to be made models to be reproduced as far as possible in other localities. Lahainaluna semi-centennial next year ought to be made the occasion of elevating and enlarging it to a national college. The day schools ought to have the best teachers that diligent inquiry and honorable salaries can induce to enter the service. We are glad in this connection to chronicle the arrival of Miss Helen S. Norton, late of Rockford, Illinois, to take charge of Kawaiahao Female Seminary. She is a welcome addition to the society of Honolulu, as well as to the corps of teachers at the Islands.

WE are glad to hear that our friend, Mr. Arundel, who has recently returned from a visit to Tahiti, that Rev, J. L. Green, for many years the only Protestant Missionary on that island has, by explicit orders from the French Government, received authority to carry on his missionary labor without any such odious restriction as hitherto hampered his work. He has been obliged to present a written request and received a written permission every week to hold a religious service on Sunday. We rejoice that the present French Government is in favor of religious liberty, even though the Papal Church claims France as under the domination of the Roman See.

THE damp night air and the debilitating heat of the day, have induced a large amonnt of sickness. Especially among infants has this prevailed, and with the whole community we tender our sympathies to two of the old mission families, into whose fold death has entered, Mr. Charles Cooke and Mr. B. F. Dillingham, have each lost an infant child. It behooves all persons at this season to be cautious about excess or imprudence of any kind. The Board of Health propose to have a city physician with a dispensary, located in the central part of the city. If, in connection with this, some plan could be inaugurated to look after and care for the poor and friendless thoroughly and systematically, it would be a noble charity. What is needed is wise, patient effort to help the people, not merely money to pauperize them.

ARRIVAL OF THE LANCASHIRE WITCH.—The yacht Lancashire Witch arrived in port on the 15th inst., after a very pleasant voyage of 13 days from San Francisco. The yacht has on board her owner, Sir Thomas Heskith Bart. of Rufford Hall, Lancashire, England, and two friends, Mr. Sadlier and Mr. Murray. The Lancashire Witch is the vessel that was sent by her owner under command of her Captain, Esfelden, from San Francisco to Socorro Island, to rescue the survivors of the wrecked Hawaiian vessel Mathilde, lost off the Mexican Coast some weeks since, and the generous act brought forth encomiums from the entire eastern press. The Witch will remain only a short time in this port, a trip among the islands being contemplated, including a visit to Madame Pele.—*P. C. Advertiser, Oct. 23.*

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.—No. 46

PRAGUE, THE CAPITAL OF BOHEMIA.

It may chance some day in your rambles and travels that you have come as far to the east as Dresden, and then may be doubtful whether to take the journey down through Bohemia, to Prague and then on to Vienna. If such be the case, let my experience come to your help, and let it assist you to decide to see these cities, certainly the former, without fail. I am sure for this advice, if followed, I shall ever after receive only your thanks. If you enter Bohemia from Saxony, you will come through the beautiful valley of the Elbe, and pass through a portion of that exceedingly picturesque region called Saxon Switzerland. On either side rise bold and rocky cliffs, and fine wooded reaches of country. The rocks at times seem to rise almost like ancient castles, with lofty towers and turrets, thus fantastically formed by time and the elements.

For the ordinary traveler, at least for one with a clear conscience, the Custom House formalities are in no way to be dreaded here in Europe. Now and then some troublesome official makes his importance felt, but this is rare. Generally it is a hurried question, the form of giving your keys, a feigned examination, and then it is over. I have learned, on the whole, rather to prize what might by some be considered an inconvenient detention. You know there may be many ways of regarding a subject, and there is always a satisfaction in throwing the most agreeable light on the most trivial and possibly annoying matters. If you learn to regard these brisk Custom House officials as guardians of the out-posts of the new world you would visit, sent to pronounce on your fitness or unfitness to enter the same, and when convinced of your right of admittance, throwing wide open in welcome the gates of their realm, you come to view them with a kindlier charity than might otherwise be the case. The chain-bridge is lowered, the clanking portals swung back, and you enter as honored guest for the time, with the freedom of the city or state in your hand. And what a gift! Here freely are presented to you the beauty of new lands, the grandeur of mountains, the loveliness of meadows and fields and gleaming rivers, the heritage of ages of historic growth, the wealth of innumerable associations, which seem to

spring from the soil itself, the sight of new peoples, the sound of new languages, the right to wander at your own will and pleasure.

And here we are in Bohemia—that of geography and history—and not that other intangible and indefinable realm, which exists everywhere, and is acknowledged no where, the Bohemia of art and letters, of clever doing and idle dreaming, that airy and uncertain Bohemia, known, perhaps better to many, than the fair land of which the grand old city of Prague is the capital. The Bohemia which we are now entering is one of the finest provinces in that great Austro-Hungarian empire which occupies so important a portion of central and southeastern Europe, and which embraces so many and differing peoples, covering an area of something like 250,000 square miles, and possessing a population of nearly thirty-eight million souls. Having found so much to interest me in this immense national amalgamation ruled over by the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, I feel tempted to add a few facts relative to the country, thinking they might prove of interest to others. It borders upon many of the most important divisions of Europe, extending from Prussia and Saxony on the north to Turkey, the Adriatic, and Italy on the South; from Turkey and Russia on the east to Switzerland and Italy on the west, comprising the provinces of Upper and Lower Austria, Tyrol and Vorarlberg, Salzburg, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, the Bukovina, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Galicia; then Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Sclavonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Novia Bazar, and Turkish Croatia. And in these dwell many races, speaking various languages: Germans, Slaves, Roumanians, Hungarians or Magyars, etc., etc. Here one meets Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church, Protestants, and Jews. The present Emperor of this heterogenius family is Francis Joseph I, born in 1830. His son, the young and talented Crown Prince Rudolph, was recently betrothed to the daughter of the King of Belgium Since 1866 Austria has been deprived of the nominal leadership of Germany, which Prussia has now taken. Hungary, a great and proud and powerful division of the Empire, has now its own self-government, under the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary. The united Empire is one of the most important in Europe. It possesses a great and well-drilled army. Its products are varied, and large portions of its area are exceedingly fertile. For centuries it has had a proud history, and has held itself with haughty and imperial pride. The young Crown Prince promises to be a man who will wisely and skillfully manage the great country of which, some day, he will be the head. The various elements of which the Empire is composed will render this far from easy, as they have occasioned difficulties in the past, but this young scion of the proud old house of the Hapsburgs, with wise advisers, may succeed, notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of some prophets of our day, in cementing them in lasting union.

From the very first day of our arrival in Bohemia and at Prague, I felt as if I had entered upon one of the most interesting parts of Europe, historically speaking, a feeling which was but deepened and intensified with each succeeding day of our stay. Here for centuries,—from days now lighted by faint taper gleams of historic record have been enacted some of the most important acts in the great drama of European growth and developement. Prague stands in the clear light of our modern day, like some mighty tablet or chronicle in stone, of olden times, on which the records of vanished centuries have been written. On crumbling walls, in dimly lighted ancient streets and lanes, in huge palaces and towering domes and towers, one traces the mighty and solemn characters of this story of the ages.

Prague is beautifully situated on the Moldau, which divides the city into two portions. Its inhabitants are Germans (Austrians) and Bohemians or Czechs, who are of Slavonic origin. The two languages, Bohemian and German are in use, and from the first you are struck by the signs, and notices and placards and newspapers in both languages. The city is like so many of the European cities, being now much improved; new streets are being opened and old ones widened. The evident desire of the people in many parts of Europe to creep out of the old and dirty portions of their ancient cities into more sunlight and sweeter air is a most encouraging sign and cannot be too much praised. While, however, the traveler prefers to have his hotel in the modern part of an old world city, he, as a general rule, spends a large portion of his rambling time in just those fascinating historic nooks, and uncomfortable streets and dingy by-ways where he would scarcely like to live. And this is most true of Prague, one of the most intensely absorbing cities in all the world for any one of antiquarian tastes.

AN ANCIENT JEWISH CEMETERY.

Nothing in all this city of multitudiness memories is more impressive and singular than the history of the Jewish portion of its population, Indeed, the Jews are the most astonishing riddle of our day. You need to live but a very short time in Europe, certainly in Germany to feel this. You cannot crush them if you would. Should you endeavor to do this, as certain named and unchristian people would now do, and have tried to do for centuries, you would find them more than a match for you. After ages of persecution -- of bitterest and most unrelenting persecution—and from assailants immensely superior in numbers; after attacks by fire and sword, followed by the pitiless hate and contempt of hostile nations which has not yet died out; after all this, and infinitely more besides, this little handful of an exiled and homeless race, rises undaunted and victorious, and throws the gauntlet back in the face of its opponents. The are the money-kings of the earth; they furnish many of the cleverest writers of our times—they are invading all branches of literature and of art, of politics, and have a key ready at hand for all opposing doors and barriers. What is the end to be? What mission has this people from the East in the future civilization of the West? For one, I confess they, and their past and their future, would be to me a Sphinx with closed lips, were it not for the illumined page of prophecy. Germany will scarcely do more than awaken a new hate and opposition among them, by a continuation of that policy which so many there are just at present endeavoring to inaugurate. A broader charity, and a heartier spirit of toleration, would, I am convinced, more quickly lead them to a belief in Him, whom we call our Head and Leader, and yet who was on earth a Jew.

The Jews have been for many centuries in Prague, and there are at the present day about twenty thousand living there. There is a part of the city called the Jewish Quarter, which cannot fail to interest the majority of travelers. Here, the poorer portion of the Jewish population live, there domain however having been invaded in the course of time by many Christians, still poorer. In the very heart of the city, surrounded by crowded and narrow streets, is an ancient Israelitish burial ground, which is among the most remarkable antiquities of Bohemia, and even of Europe. You would find a guide almost necessary to lead you there, so hidden away, is it in this singular labyrinth of lanes and dwellings. I remember we visited it first towards evening; the coming twilight seemed singularly in harmony with the strange old place. The streets were filled with people of the poorer classes, of women holding children, and chatting in groups; of men talking after the work of the day; of the out-door life which floods the poorer streets of a city on a summer evening. From this city of the living we passed to that of the dead, from the murmur and babel of human speech, the mingled cries and laughter of the crowd outside to the solemn hush and stillness within, the quietness of death and the past. I have visited many cemeteries, (since, for me, they have a singular fascination), but I have never seen nor expect to see anything again quite like this. At first I scarcely could recognize it as a resting place of the departed. About us were huge masses of stone, forming rough and singular mounds or ridges. It seemed like some strange geological formation, struck out in great hot waves in some long ago period of the earth's wild passion of growth, and then grown still and cold, like a frozen sea, with after ages. Or, as if here had once stood some stone built city, which had been thrown down by the shock of an earthquake, and left shattered in ruins. But as the eye grows wonted to its surroundings you find that you are encircled by hundreds, by thousands of ancient burial stones, which lie heaped and crowded upon one another in strange confusion, layer after layer. The ground is sown with them, so thickly that in some places there seems to be scarce room for a blade of grass in the spring to unfold its message of hope and the resurrection. About you, on every side, are long rows and ridges of these huge ungainly stones, so old and bowed by the centuries that they appear to huddle together for support. You feel that they fill the the ground beneath your feet, down, down in long funeral strata, raising the surface of the cemetery many feet above its old level till you stand now far higher than those who came here to mourn a thousand years and more ago. And here, where they have found room, trees, alders and others, have grown over this stony founda-

tion, and stand now as shadowy, solemn guardians of these ancient precincts, and in company with these, vines and creepers, and all manner of wild undergrowth which seem to love such spots, and gray mosses and pale, ghostly lichens have framed this strange, ancient picture, in a wild fantastic setting You could scarcely wish for, or imagine a stranger, more weird nook than this old Jewish Burial Ground. And here for many ages the Jews of Prague have laid away their dead and raised these stones to their memory, which later ages come to read and wonder at. Tradition says that after the destruction of Jerusalem under the Romans, some of the wanderers and fugitives reached this distant land, and here made their home on the shores of the Moldau. Just when this cemetery was first used, it is scarcely possible now to say; but there is a grave stone still to be seen here, the oldest of all now known, the date upon which, in the Hebraic reckoning answers to the year 606 of the Christian era. Over the grave of Sara, wife of the Aronite Joseph, nearly thirteen centuries have passed! How much of history has been lived since these "strangers in a strange land" laid one of their little company away here to rest, far from the hills of Judea, and that loved home in the East. And here with the succeeding centuries they brought their dead, but about a hundred years ago they were forbidden to do so by the Emperor, and since then this strangely, interesting spot has been left as we see it today. The stones are of all kinds, from those of the humblest members of the fraternity up to those marking the spot where some ennobled Jew or distinguished Rabbi, or scholar famous for his Talmudic knowledge is laid. They are carved sometimes with various symbols, a pitcher designates the tribe of Levi, two hands that of Aaron, etc. As we wandered about in the cemetery we could hear the singing of a number of Jewish young men and boys, who were practicing under a chorister near by. With the gathering twilight, the shadows and memories of the place, and the music of the sweet, clear voiced singers, one could scarcely fail to be touched and moved.

There are several synagogues in Prague, but the most interesting is the so-caled Altel-Neu-Schule. It is situated near the cemetery of which I have been speaking, and with it is said to be some thirteen centuries old. One could easily believe this, looking at its time-stained walls. Here in the fourteenth century, a fearful tragedy was enacted. In this synagogue, hundreds of Jews were killed by the Christians---men, women and children,---at that terrible time when so many Jews were murdered in different parts of Europe On the gloomy, dusky walls, our old guide pointed out ugly spots which he said were the blood stains! I felt glad to be out of this dark, dreary building, tottering with age, black and smoke-stained It seemed as if the cries of the murdered women and children rang in it still.

HUSS AND JEROME.—

"Two of the greatest harbingers of the Reformation," lived and preached, and bore faithful witness to the truth in Prague. In the old University of the City, Huss was Professor. Bohemia is once more Catholic, and only a little company of the followers of Huss still remain. We found out their little church and exchanged a few friendly words with the faithful head of the little flock. You know the story of those great and grand martyrs who sealed their testimony in the flames. It is a story one can well afford to re-read and ponder. Here, in Prague, their old home, one seems to feel the might of their presence still. But more yet in Constance, where we were privileged lately to be, and to stand with reverent thought and uncovered head, near the spot where flames bore them as in chariots of fire to that glory in which they now dwell. We saw here, too, the beautiful Rhine, at its issuing from Lake Constance, upon whose waters the ashes of these faithful servants of God were cast, not to be lost in the hurrying tide, but to incite to high and holy effort men of other ages and other lands, even beyond an intervening ocean. Prague witnessed their life, and Constance their death. Living and dying, in Bohemia or far away toward the foot of the Alps, they were heroes, of whom the world should be proud.

"ON THE HEIGHTS."

Wander where you will in the old city of Prague, you find the foot-prints of men famous in history. One could linger long here with delight. One day we spent in a part of the city where the ancient palace, cathedral and other important buildings are situated. This portion of Prague is built on a height commanding a superb view of the remainder of the city and the Moldau, and with its splendid mediæval edifices and extensive fortifications, presents a magnificent appearance. Here is the ancient Headschin, or capitol of Prague. Part of this is formed by the cathedral, begun in the fourteenth century. In one of the chapels of this are preserved the crown and other insignia of Bohemia. In speaking of these to us, the Sacristan expressed something of that unrest and dissatisfaction which exists without doubt among the real Bohemians, or Czechs. They want the old glory of their kingdom revived, and to have the Austrian Emperor crowned King of Bohemia, as he is King of Hungary. I scarcely think they will gain this at present, if ever. In the Burg, or Imperial Palace, completed by Maria Theresa, is shown the room, from a window, of which Count Thurn caused "two Imperial counselors, Mabmitz and Slawata, to be precipitated, which was the immediate occasion of the thirty years war." I looked out of the old window, set with quaint, round panes of glass, down, down, and grew dizzy with looking and thinking of this terrible leap. Not very far away, further up the hill, is a Capuchin Monastery, where two brothers showed us the relics and treasures of the Monastery and a bedizence chapel, a copy of the pilgrimage chapel of St. Loutto One of them was a fine, manly looking fellow, of about thirty, with a noble head and great blonde beard rising above his cowl. His ignorance and innocence would have touched you. I presume he knew nothing of the world outside of the little country village near by where he was born, and the Convent where, unless some revolution comes, he will die. Of all that lay outside of this, he seemed to yearn to know, and especially he asked us about the ocean, which he had never seen. I remember his last question was "Have you ever seen a storm at sea?" Asked with the eagerness of a boy of ten! At the Abbey of Strahon, the same day, we saw one of the finest libraries, as concerns arrangement, I have seen in Europe. This splendid Abbey, with its beautiful and costly church, belongs to the wealthy Premonstratensian Order. It is a stately structure, and grandly placed on the heights above the city. In the church are the tombs of St. Norbert and Pappenheim, who fell at Lützen in 1632. One of the brothers of the Order showed us with great courtesy and politeness the really splendid library here gathered. There are thirty brothers in the Abbey, and if they look at all like the smiling, cheerful gentleman who, elegant in flowing robes of white Cashmere, and with carefully oiled locks, accompanied us, they must differ somewhat from the usual idea entertained of the worn and ascetic inmates of Convent cells.

From these "upper points of view," where we now are, the picture before us is one which must move and delight everyone permitted to come here at any time of the day, and especially at sunset. We are surrounded by magnificent edifices, palaces, churches, convents, fortifications, which rise from amidst masses of foliage and shrubbery in the valleys between them. As the eye wanders down the slopes, it meets with other palaces—those of Wallenstein and other famous heroes of history—and lofty churches; and then comes the Moldau—if seen at evening, flowing like some luminous, fiery river beneath its ancient and imposing bridges, decorated with massive and grand groups of statuary. And then still further on the remainder of the city is seen. In the centre rises the old Teynkirche, once the church of the Hussites, and now of the Catholics, and which contains the tombstone of the celebrated Danish astronomer (Tyche Brahe), who died in 1601; and near this the Rathhaus, in front of which, "in 1621, twenty-seven of the leaders of the Protestants—most of them Bohemian nobles—were executed." Side by side with spires of Christian churches may be noticed the bulbous domes of the Hebrew Synagogues. It is a wonderful, glorious view!

But I have been telling you of much that is sad. But it is the story. History and the old streets told to me here in Prague. I wish it might be otherwise, but neither you nor I can change the past, much as we would like so to do. The tragic records of persecutions, of martyrdoms, of war and pestilence, are written in bold letters, and are the first which meet us when we look back over the way our race has so long been walking down to the present. There have been sorrow and misery, terrible beyond words, in this old city of Prague; and the heart aches at the thought of it, and the lip quivers in the telling. But I love to think too of all the joy there has been, the wealth of family happiness in those thousands of homes, nestling under the crags where the citadel clings. And if so much of bitterness and sadness has here blighted and dimmed the beauty of life, God grant that this may now be buried with the past, and that here the the blessings of a lasting peace may abide

on Protestant and on Catholic, on Christian and on Jew.

VIENNA AND THE DANUBE.

We shall never regret changing our plan of travel, and going by day and not by night, as we had first thought of doing, from Prague to Vienna. Though we had more of the summer heat, we had at the same time certainly more of the summer beauty. The harvest fields, which bordered our way for a larger part of the day, were golden with their rich, ripened stores of grain. Never since leaving the prairies of the central and western States of America have I seen such glorious fulness a..d abundance. The fields stretched away as far as the eye could follow them. There is something inspiring in such an opulent display, and leads me to feel that in this part of Austria at least hunger and poverty must be things almost unknown. Of a number of points of interest which marked our way, none impressed me more than the frowning castle commanding the Austrian town of Brünn, where the Italian Sylvio Pellico, whose pathetic and melancholy story of his dreary captivity has touched so many readers of "I miei, Prigioné," passed eight long, weary years. On our way from Dresden to Prague, we saw another "prison-house," that of Cola di Rienzi, "the last of the Tribunes." who was confined in the Castle of Raudnitz in 1350. These prisons and dungeons sadden the fair and beautiful landscape. I rejoice that our century is leveling them, sweeping their gloom away, and making more room for wheat fields, for human happiness and hope.

The more one travels the more he learns to welcome the sight of a great and historic river. One may grow tired of many other things, but a stately river flowing from its home in the mountains to its home in the sea, can never fail to delight and thrill you. And all this delightful thrill I felt in seeing the "blue Danube" for the first time, just before reaching Vienna. There seems a sort of majesty in this most kingly river, as if it were itself conscious of its long history, might and importance, and you feel that its right is not to be disputed, This great river of Central Europe rises far back among the Swabian hills, in that charming and picturesque region,, the fairy-land of Germany, called the Black Forest, only twenty or thirty miles away from the banks of the Rhine, which here bids the Danube good-bye, and goes forward on its long and beauteous mission till it finds its home in the restless waves of the North Sea. The Danube is 1,800 miles in length from its first starting point till it empties into the Black Sea, at Sulina. There is something strangely, impressive in the thought of the many lands it traverses in its long seaward journey, in the thought of the cities and peoples dwelling now upon its banks, and of the successive barbarisms and civilizations which have vanished, leaving the solemn river still here. Beyond Vienna the scenery of the Danube grows to be most wild and beautiful, reaching its most imposing grandeur in the "Defile of Kasan," some distance beyond Belgrade. Not far away from this point, still legible on the towering, perpendicular cliff, may be seen the Latin inscription left here by Trajan to commemorate his first Dacian campaign. It would seem as if nature and ancient history joined their forces here to impress the wondering visitor of a later day!

You feel the brightness, the charm, perhaps also the lightness of Vienna life the moment you enter the streets of Vienna. Though the language is German, you perceive from the first that you are among a people of the South, with readier smiles and gayer moods, and warmer blood than are to be found at the North. The capital of Austria is very beautiful, one of the handsomest cities of Europe, and, after Paris, the gayest. There is very little here in the way of mediæval architecture to interest one. The church, however, of St. Stephen, dating from the fourteenth or fifteenth century, is a very beautiful Gothic edifice But the modern buildings those which have been of late erected, and those still in process of construction, are in many instances exceedingly imposing. There are magnificent avenues, and especially one grand boulevard encircling the city, which are unsurpassed in the world. Vienna reminds one of Paris in its summer out-of-door life, in its brightness and gaiety. The people seem most kind and polite, and are charming in their manners and appearance. The great *fete* which had brought hundreds and thousands of people from all parts of the Empire into the city to witness the skill in shooting of different rifle companies and celebrated marksmen, was at its height while we were there. The presence of many stalwart peasants from the Tyrol in their brilliant mountain costume added much to the picturesqueness of the crowds on the streets. The traveller fond of historic reminders and kingly memories must not fail, while in Vienna, to visit the crypt of the Capuchin church, which is used as an Imperial vault, and where many distinguished personages have from time to time been placed. A more plain and unpretending tomb for royalty could scarcely be imagined. You descend a long, narrow, dark stairway into a gloomy, damp, and almost chilly place, where beneath the stone arches lie many huge coffins There seemed to be a singular dreariness and melancholy in the air. Our guide, a cowled Capuchin monk, carried a torch, which flared fitfully as he thrust it into the densely massed shadows, making wild and ghostly effects in the encircling gloom. And here in this sad, and dimly-lighted tomb you read, interwoven with the tarnished blazonries and heraldic devices, some of the best known names of modern history. Just before you, as you enter, rises the ponderous double coffin containing the remains of the famous Empress Maria Theresa and those of her husband, Francis I., and near by the sarcophagus of Joseph II., of Austria Not far away are two unpretentious coffins, which you might pass without noticing, should your monkish guide fail to call your attention to them. Here lie Marie Louise, Empress of the French, wife of the great Napoleon, and their son, the Duke of Reichstadt, the young "King of Rome," who died near Vienna in 1832. It is impossible to stand here, so near this latter casket, without being strangely moved. Certainly History in these silent homes of the deads read us the most powerful commentary upon earthly greatness and ambition. The memory of this little black coffin laid away in the sad twilight of this Capuchin crypt has been with me often times since. I thought of it in looking on the gilded and costly cradle in which the young prince was laid when he came to gladden his Imperial father's heart. (They have this beautiful affair here in Vienna still.) And I thought of it while standing lately under the gorgeous dome of the "Hotel des Invalides," in Paris, where between his faithful Generals, and surrounded by the stately monument of this most imperial and imposing tomb, the great Emperor himself sleeps "the last, long sleep;" and it seemed to throw its shadow across those splendid palaces and triumphal arches, and all the brilliant reminders of the father and son, which we have just been seeing in the gay city of Paris. In Paris lies the founder of the line; here in Vienna his son. In the peaceful hush of Chiselhurst, England, lie the other father and son of the same family—one dying in exile, the other in a far distant land, cut down by fierce and cruel Africans. Was there ever, in all history, a sadder family record? It is scarcely a pleasant place to linger; but before going out again into the morning sunshine, we look for a few moments at one more casket covered with wreaths and palm-branches, and which bears the name of poor Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico One of the wreaths, we are told, was placed there by his widow, the unfortunate Empress Carlotta, whose grief at her husband's sad and terrible end clouded her reason, and who now lives an uncrowned Empress and melancholy mourning widow, near her brother, the King of Belgium.

In the Imperial Treasury are to be seen the crown jewels—a glittering array which is not surpassed by the "imprisoned fires" of the green vaults of Dresden. But more than anything belonging to the Hapsburg Family, one or two other treasures here carefully preserved attracted my attention. And foremost, and principally, the "Insignia and memorials of the Holy Roman Empire, once preserved at Aixe-la-Chapelle, and afterwards at Nuremberg; the crown of Charlemagne, the sceptre, imperial globe, coronation robe, sword, &c." Here also you are shown a fragment of the "true cross" (?) said to have pierced our Savior's side.

Vienna abounds in stately palaces, the most extensive being that containing the Imperial apartments. Here you see various rooms used by Maria Theresa and Joseph II. In the magnificent and sumptuous "Rittersaal," the Emperor and Empress of Austria wash the feet of twelve old men and women, on some sacred festival occasion every year! The present Emperor lives generally at Schönbrunn, a beautiful country palace near Vienna. The Empress's favorite residence is in Buda-Pest, in Hungary. She is said to be very popular with the Hungarians.

FRANK WILLIAMS DAMON.

Paris, France, August 25, 1880.

☞ The Dublin Y. M. C. A., sustains a course of twenty-five social religious meetings each month, a reading room and library, courses of popular and scientific lectures and educational classes, and publishes a monthly sheet of interesting mattet con taining much useful material.

NAVAL.—Since our issue of last month, three men-of-wars-men have arrived,—the *Ticonderoga* on the 14th, the *Gannet* on the 24th, and the *Alaska* on the 26th ult. Following are their lists of officers:

U. S. S. TICONDEROGA.

Commodore, R. W. Shufeldt.
Commander, B. J. Cromwell.
Lieut, E. W. Sturdy, Executive Officer.
Lieut., H. L. Tremain, Navigator.
Lieuts., F. J. Drake, Kossuth Niles, C. E. Vreeland.
Ensigns, W. S. Hughes, F. Fletcher, H. H. Hosley, D. Daniels.
Chief Engineer, F. G. McKean,
P. A. Engineers, Sam'l Gragg, J. P. Mickley,
Surgeon. H. M. Wells.
P. A. Surgeon, R. U. Urquhart,
Paymaster. W. J. Thomson.
Lieut, D. P. Manaix, U. S. Marine Corps.
Cadet Engineers, G. W. McElroy, J. R. Wilmer.
Pay Clerk, J. R. P. Rosse,

H. B. M. S. GANNET.

Commander—E. G. Bourke
Senior Lieutenant—J. E. C. Goodrich
Second Lieutenant—H. G. Thorold
Third Lieutenant (navigating)—E. J. Fleet
Staff Surgeon—W. J. Inman
Paymaster—R. G. Chandler
Chief Engineer—Charles Platt
Sub-Lieutenant—R. B. Farquhar
" " W. H. Du C. Chads
Surgeon—E. H. Williams
Engineer—H. J. J. G. Moon
Clerk—M. W. Sulivan
Gunner—F. J. M. Johnson
Carpenter—H. G. Allison.

U. S. S. ALASKA.

Captain— George Brown, Commanding.
Lieut Commander—C H Pendleton, Executive Officer,
Lieut—J E Craig, Navigator.
Lieutants—H N Manney, Joseph G Eaton.
Master—W E Sewell.
Ensigns—F. B. Vinton, Ridgely Hunt.
Cadet Midshipmen—J. B. Blistle, Leigh O. Garrette, A. P. Menefer, and John A. Mudd.
Surgeon—Thomas Hiland; Assistant Surgeon, S. H. Griffith.
Paymaster—C. F. Guild.
Pay Clerk—Jacob Harder.
Chief Engineer—J. W. Thompson; Passed Assistant Engineers, A. W. Morley, Henry L. Slosson; Cadet Engineers, E O'C. Acker, J. W. Annau.
First Lieutenant Marines—Frank Scott.
Boatswain—J Keating.
Gunner—W E Webber.
Carpenter—Gould Northup.
Sailmaker—J C Chavalier.

Report of H B M Sloop Gannet, Bourke, Commander.—Left Panama, States of Columbia, on Saturday, 25th September, 1880, at 7 p m, and after a pleasant passage of 29 days arrived at Honolulu at 7.30 a m on Sunday, the 24th of October. Spoke Am sh McLaurin on the 8th of October, at noon, in lat 1 55° N, long 112° 43' W, bound to Cork, from San Francisco. Sighted one other vessel during passage, but could not make her out.

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MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Oct 2—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7 days, 5 hours from San Francisco
4—Bk Forest Qneen, Winding, 17 dys from San F
Oct 10—Schr Julia A Long, Gilley, from Arctic Ocean
14—Hawaiian bk Hawaii, Whitney, 35 dys frm Jaluit
14—U S Ticonderoga, Cromwell, 35 days from Kobe, Japan
Oct. 17—Am schr W H Meyer, Jordan, 21 days from San Francisco.
19—Haw schr Kaluna, Cooke, 41 days from the Ochotsk Sea.
19—Am schr Cassie Hayward, Le Ballister, 19 days from Humboldt Bay.
20—Am bk Gen'l Butler, Ryder, 22 days from Port Gamble.
21—Raiatea schr Vivid, Cawley, 12 days from Fannings Island.
24.—H B M S Gannet, Bourke, 29 days from Callao.
24.—R M S S Australia, Cargill, from Sydney.
Oct 26.—U S S Alaska, Brown, 18 days fm San Francisco.

DEPARTURES.

Oct 2—Bktne Ella, Turner, for San Francisco
2—P M S S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Auckland
2—Bk Jennie Pitts, Siever, for Port Townsend
Oct 9—Schr Waiehu, Reynolds, for Johnson and Fannings Islands.
10—Brit bk Oberon, Harvey, for Portland, Oregon.
11—Ger bk Gesine Brons, Trumbach for Hongkong.
13—Brktne, Eureka, Nordberg, for San Francisco.
Oct. 17—Am bk Forest Queen, Winding, for Puget Sound
18—Am bktne J A Falkinburg, Hubbard, for S. F.
21—Schr Lancashire Witch, Edlefsen, for Hilo.
Oct 25—U S S Ticonderoga, Cromwell, for San Francisco
25—R M S S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco
26—Schr Cassie Hayward, Le Ballister, ballast for Humboldt Bay

REPORT OF THE TICONDEROGA.—Left Yokohama on the 31st of May for Kobe and arrived there on the 3d of June. Nothing special transpired during the stay, of five days duration at this port, visits between the government officials and officers of the vessel being the order of the day which, to all appearances, tended to make closer the bonds of friendship between Japan and America. On the 8th of June left Kobe for Nagassaki, arrived there on the 12th and remained at that port until the 19th of August awaiting answers to the official correspondence. From thence went to Che Foo having on board the American Consul at Tein Tsin Mr. Mangum and arrived at Che Foo on the 23d of August. After a short stay at this port, during which the cities of Che Foo and Tein Tsin were visited by officers of the vessel, a return was made to Nagassaki arriving on the 2d of September, left on the 4th for Kobe arrived there on the 7th and after taking in coals and stores for the trip across the Pacific left on the 11th for Honolulu and arrived at the latter port on the 14th of October. The total distance sailed over during the trip, to the port of Honolulu inclusive is in the neighborhood of 35,000 miles nearly once and a half the circumference of the earth. During the trip, 43 different ports have been visited, and the officers of the vessel are walking encyclopedias of the manners and customs of the people of the nations visited and show by the easy and unegotistical manner in which they impart the information collated by them, and their gentlemanly bearing that they were well fitted to represent the American nation abroad. We are indebted to various officers on board for the extended account which we have been enabled to give of the trip, prominent amongst whom we would mention Commodore's Secretary, Lieut. Manix, Executive Officer Sturdy and Lieut. Niles. The Ticonderoga will leave here on the morning of the 25th for San Francisco and from thence will probably proceed to Norfolk or Boston.

Report of the R M S Australia, W Cargill, Commander.—Cleared Sydney Heads on the 7th of October, at 4 p m, with moderate breeze and fine, clear weather. Light winds and fine, clear weather prevailed up to the 11th. Sighted the Three Kings at 6.20 a m of this date, and Cape Maria Van Dieman at 8.30, and rounded North Cape at 1.15 p m, Cavilla Island abeam at 5.40, sighted Tiri Tiri light at 6.30 a m of the 12th, and received pilot off Auckland at 4.5 a m this date. After discharging and receiving New Zealand mails, passengers and cargo cast off from the wharf at 4 p m, discharged pilot at 5, Tiri Tiri light abeam at 5.55 and at 7.50, Little Barrier bore W. 1 mile distant; met with light winds and fine clear weather up to the 14th; exchanged signals with R M S Zealandia at 3 a m this day, strong unsteady winds with a rough sea prevailed up to the 19th, met with heavy squalls and rain on this day. Sighted the island of Upolu (Navigator's) at midnight of the 17th, which at 1.45 a m of the 18th, bore W 6 miles distant. Crossed the Equator at 5 a m of the 20th, in longitude 165°, 52' W. Fresh head winds and sea prevailed from the 19th to the 24th, received pilot off Honolulu at 10.30 p m of the 24th, and made fast alongside the wharf at 12.15 p m same date.

Report of the U S S Alaska, G. N. Brown, Captain, U S N, Commanding.—Left Callao, Peru, on the 15th July and proceeded to Chimbote, left that port on the 23rd of the same month for the Marquesas Islands, and arrived on the 13th of August. Left on the 15th for Pango Pango, Samoa, and arrived on the 27th. Sailed for Apia on Sept 8, arrived same day, and on the 14th of Sept again sailed for Pango Pango, and remained there until Oct 7, acting as convoy to ship Queenstown of Richmond. Me, discharging coal. On Oct 7 left Pango Pango for Honolulu, and arrived at that port on the 24th Oct. Left in port at Callao; the U S S Lackawanna, H B M S Thetis, H R M S Freya, Italian men-of-war, Garibaldi and Archimide, French men-of-war, Chasseur, and American gunboats Waschusett and Adam.

PASSENGERS

From San Francisco, per Zealandia, Oct 2—Mrs Bishop and maid, W C Parke and wife, Misses Parke, Miss Cora Wade, Miss King, Miss Welch, J M Oat and wife, Miss Mary Hardy, Miss Aldrich, Mrs Mayle, Miss Mayle, J P Cook, Geo C Beckley, J G Tucker, M Louisson, Geo F Wells and wife, Mrs Seal, S Magnin, wife and child, Miss Sills, W Sills, W S Luce, wife and servant, Mrs A and Miss H Miller, E Wadsworth and wife, C V Housman, J S Oakford, Mr Hubbard, J Cassidy, Mr Gibbs, Chun Lung and 56 steerage.

For San Francisco, per Ella, Oct 2—Mrs Meinicke and 3 children, L Netter.

For Sydney, per Zealandia, Oct 2—H T Miles, T O Connor, E Meckart, H Tunnis, E P Edwards, F Lester.

From San Francisco, per Forest Queen, Oct 4—G Ird, S T Schmidt, O F Eaton, Griffith Jones, J A Mortland, H Beard, A W Schmidt, Miss Bertha Hivith, E M Dimond, T H Eckley, W Alexander, May Kennedy, Mr Thacher, E J Overend, D Noonan, E O Caverno, S Norris, E Welsh, Mary Dougherty.

From St Lawrence Island, per J A Long, Oct 11—B Dexter, M Parmenter, H T Dovell, Wm Friel, Antone Dailey, Williams.

For Hongkong, per Gesine Brons, Oct 11—8 Chinese, 2 females and 2 children.

For San Francisco, per Eureka, Oct 13—Mr Barton and wife, Mr Welch, wife and boy, Mr Baldwin and wife, S V Wardrobe, E F Marshall, Mrs S P Carter, Mr Lacy, Mr Spear.

From Jaluit, per Hawaii, Oct 14—H Grosser, B Withers, and 184 South Sea Islanders.

For Port Townsend, per Forest Queen, Oct 15—Mr Caverens, C F Boyd, wife and 4 children.

From San Francisco, per W H Meyer, Oct 17.—Mr and Mrs A D Pierce and daughter, Mrs R W Putnam and child, Mrs R S Putnam, Wan M'Chesney, Thos Prince, E C Winston, Anton Vogel, W Ludwigsen, C A Brown, Thos Wade, W H Kinney, Edward Koman, Victor Queros, F D Lee, Geo McGuire, J Lawrence, J D Frank and 5 Chinese.

For San Francisco, per Jane A Falkinburg, Oct 18.—E Wells Peterson, Eugene Languin, K Flynn, Stephen Chamberlain, Jas M Dawfon, Capt Chas Dexter.

From Fannings Island, per Schr Vivid, Oct 21.—J T Arundel, Frank Sutton and 3 natives.

For San Francisco, per Kalakaua, Oct 22—Mrs Smith, Master Booth, Mr Schwartz Wife and 2 children. Mr Kelsey, Mr Mauer, Er J O'Brien, Col Norris, Dr E Stevenson, Wm Heney.

From Sydney, per Australia, Oct 25—Mrs A McPherson, J Johnson, A Goodwin, 13 saloon and 36 cabin in transit.

For San Francisco, per R M S S Australia, Oct 25—F P Wilson, P S Wilson, Mrs C Armstrong, Mrs E Weaver, P Norton Makee, Dr A C Standard, Miss Silla, W Sills, Mrs Hamilton, L McCully, J Hyman and wife, R Collard, S G Wilder and daughter, D K Fyfe and daughter, F J Lowery, Aug Ehlers, J T Arundel, J A Hopper and wife, M Levy, J C Glade and wife, Robt Colcord, Mrs Hamilton, J T Arundel, R Withers.

For Humboldt Bay, per Cassie Hayward, Oct 26—Mrs Wentworth.

From San Francisco via Kahului, per J D Spreckels, Oct 27—H C Courtney.

MARRIED.

WELLS–WOOD.—In San Francisco, September 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. George R. Wood, by Rev. A. J. Wells, MR. GEORGE F. WELLS, of Honolulu, to Miss MATTIE A. WOOD, of San Francisco.

DIED.

STRATEMEYER.—In this city, on October 3rd, ELSIE, infant daughter of George C. and Almira Stratemeyer, aged 1 year and 2 months.

HERBERT.—In this city, Oct. 6, FRANK R. HERBERT, aged about 41 years; a native of Sydney, N. S. W., for many years a resident of the Islands. Sydney papers please copy.

LISHMAN.—In this city, October 6th, ALICE MAUD, only daughter of William Lishman, aged 10 months and 22 days.

CLIFFORD.—At her residence in Honolulu, after a painful illness of six years duration, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs. E. WAIHU CLIFFORD, wife of O. G. Clifford, Esq., in the 63d year of her age.

Deceased was a native of Tahiti, and came to these Islands in 1848, of which she has been ever since a resident. She leaves a fond husband and daughter, and a large circle of friends who mourn her loss.

CONEY.—In this city on the Oct. 9th at his residence, from paralysis, J. H. CONEY, a native of New York City; aged 60 years and 4 months. Deceased held the position of Sheriff of the Island of Hawaii for 18 years and was universally esteemed and respected. He leaves a loving wife, two sons and four daughters to mourn his loss. ☞ San Francisco papers please copy.

WOOD—Suddenly on Oct. 22d, on board the schooner Kapiolani whilst leaving Honolulu harbor for Ewa, JOHN C. WOOD of this city, aged 52 years.

HORNBLOWER.—In this city, Oct. 18th, of pneumonia, WILLIAM HORNBLOWER, a native of London, England, aged about 67 years. Deceased, who was generally known as "Benny," arrived in this city about the year 1833, in company with Capt. Joseph Maughan, and shortly after entered, as apprentice, the employ of the late James Robinson, ship-builder, and continued to reside in this city up to the time of his death. Deceased was a son-in-law of the late Andrew Auld, and father of Mrs. Thomas K. Clark, of Kipahulu, Maui.

SHELDON.—In Danvers, Mass., on the 15th of September, Mrs. NANCY K. SHELDON, aged 78 years and 17 days. The deceased was the mother of H. L. Sheldon, Esq., former editor of the P. C. ADVERTISER, and was universally loved and respected by the community in which she lived.

EDITOR ABROAD—No. 8.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN GERMANY.

Having been detained longer than we anticipated in the German Capital on the morning of July 9th, we hurried away at an early hour, over the broad and level Brandenburg plains for Central Germany. We longed once more to look out upon hills and mountains. We were soon fully gratified by such a glorious prospect as the Thuringian Forest region of Germany afforded. Green hills, harvest-covered fields, wooded mountains, seemed to our delighted gaze never more exquisitely and mosaically spread out for a charming landscape view. The bright July sky, with all its over-shadowing clouds, only heightened the grand prospect. Our earth may present in many parts beautiful scenery and grand views, and it has been our privilege to see many of them in various lands under most favorable circumstances; but that prospect from the summit of the elevation, upon which Wartburg Castle stands, where Luther was imprisoned by his friends, certainly equals anything in the way of landscape scenery we ever viewed. But we are too much carried away with our contemplation of the country to note certain incidents of our journey.

Our first stopping place was at Wittenburg, and a visit to the old Monastery where Luther found the Bible, on opening which the text caught his eye:—"The just shall live by faith,"—and he was led to strike the key-note of the Reformation. Of course we visited the old convent with all its reminders of the great Reformer,—the church where he nailed his "95 Theses" on the doors,—the church where the Communion was celebrated, and was partaken of in both kinds by the people, while just outside of the city walls the spot is pointed out where Luther burnt the Pope's Bull. At present, Wittenburg is a most quiet, sleepy, and unlively city, especially in a hot July day. Hence, as the sun declined, we hurried away to the busy, stirring and lively University-town of Halle, where eight hundred students resort. A thriving business is in progress, and everything and everybody seem awake and alive,—buildings are going up and trade is prosperous. We had hardly time to brush off the dust of travel, ere a friend, Professor Frausse, whose acquaintance we had formed in Berlin, met us and proposed a row upon the river Saale, which appears to be a most favorite resort of the students and inhabitants of Halle. The evening was most favorable, and the numerous boats on the river, with their gay lanterns and lively boating songs, indicated that while the inhabitants of Halle might work by day, they were fond of evening recreation. During our row upon the river, we passed various points of interest, including an immensely large paper manufactory and an old dismantled and crumbling town, from a window out of which its lord made a fearful leap into the river and escaped his pursuers. Somewhat wearied, we returned to our lodgings at the hotel.

We must not omit to note one event of the day which we feel quite sure will be longer retained in our memory than many others. We refer to a visit in company with Professor Franke to the residence of the late Professor Tholuck, so deservedly and favorably known to the theological students, clergy and Divines of America and the world. It was our privilege to visit his study, where so much hard and scholarly work had been done. His library of 14,000 volumes still remains upon the shelves as he left it. Some of his manuscripts are still upon his desk or table, where he studied. We walked under the vine-covered arbor where he was wont to converse with his visitors and take exercise. We confess such places have a far greater attraction and fascination for us than battle-fields and arsenals. Through the politeness of Professor Franke we were introduced to Mrs. Tholuck, who is, in a most delightful manner, executing certain wishes and bequests of her late husband, respecting the education of young theological students preparing for the Christian Ministry. She is a lady of genuine refinement and rare excellence, whose presence in any society would impart a charm and influence eminently becoming and desirable. We would merely add, that our friend, Professor Franke, in addition to his other labors, has recently translated and published a memoir, in German, of the late President Finney, of Oberlin College, Ohio.

Just before leaving Halle, we visited the celebrated Protestant Orphanage, founded about the close of the 17th century, through the pious efforts of the Philanthropist Franke, and which has for nearly 200 years been sustained and rendered so eminently useful to thousands of those left orphans. There was much in Halle and its environs which attracted our attention, but off we hurried to Eseinach that we might spend a quiet Sabbath amid the early home and haunts of Luther. It was there that he was admitted to the Cotta family, there he officiated as a choir-boy, and there, confined in the Castle of Wartburg, he translated the Bible into German. Of course we visited all these places, while on the bright Sabbath morning we worshiped in the old church where Luther once sang. The preacher discoursed upon the feeding of the five thousand, and in the course of his remarks upon God's care for His creatures, remarked that God had fitted up this world, "decorating it as a great Dining Hall" for its inhabitants.

But to return to Luther and his grand work, as we walked along the streets of the city, and visited the study where he translated the Bible, in the old Wartburg Castle, the words of the eloquent Edward Everett came to my mind, which we heard fall from his lips when delivering an oration before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, nearly fifty years ago. Speaking of Luther, he remarked that "he moved to his great work, not to the 'Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders,' but grasped the iron trumpet of his mother-tongue, and blew a blast that shook the nations from Rome to the Orkneys—sovereign, citizen, and peasant started at the sound, and he who begged his bread for a pious cantacle in the streets of Eisenach, no longer friendless, no longer solitary, was courted by princes, &c."

While visiting the "old study" in the Wartburg, and looking out upon that most charming panoramic view of hills and dales, cultivated fields, and wooded regions, we could not but reflect upon the lasting fame which the mere translation of the Bible into the vernacular of a people would impart to a particular spot. The tourist is ever pointed to the cell in the old monastery, in Bethlehem, where the great Jerome translated the Bible into the "Vulgate," while we always were wont to look with a sort of veneration upon the Rev. Mr. Bingham's old study in Honolulu, with its sharp roof and adobe walls, which have now given place to a beautiful dwelling built after the modern style.

Leaving Eisenach, we passed through Gotha, Weimar, Jena, to Leipsig, another University city of Germany. German Universities form a marked feature in the social, political, literary, and theological affairs of this great Empire. So far as possible, we aim to make them a subject of study, comparing them with institutions of a similar nature in other parts of the world. While sojourning there for a short season, it was our good fortune to meet at the hotel with that remarkable scholar and explorer, Dr. Schliemann, whose name has been so identified with the explorations of Troy. He is residing this summer in Leipsig, preparing for publication, this autumn, a new book on Troy, and his explorations. In the preface, he designs to present his opinion upon the proper study of the Greek language, for he thinks that students spend altogether too much time over the Greek, as a dead language, whereas he believes that a young student should be taught to speak it in two years, and read the language fluently and readily. His book will appear simultaneously in Leipsig, London, New York. Harper and Brothers will be the New York publishers. It is certainly a most noteworthy fact that in the latter half of the nineteenth century an individual is to be found who could carry out a system of successful explorations in parts of the world where Grecian, Roman, and other civilizations have for centuries maintained their supremacy.

From Leipsig we passed to Dresden, Prague in Bohemia, Vienna in Austria, when we commenced our return westward, spending a few days in the vicinity of Saltzburg and Munich.

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KAWAIAHAO CHURCH--Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

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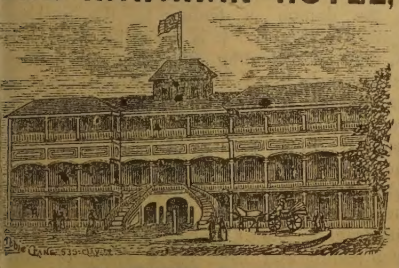

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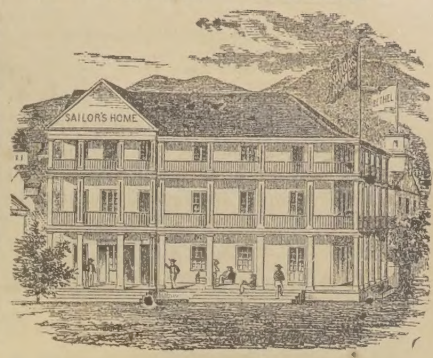

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THE REGULAR PORTLAND LINE OF Packets, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company,
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The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company,
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NOTICE TO SHIP MASTERS.
DILLINGHAM & CO.,
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KEEP A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
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SHIP MASTERS VISITING THIS PORT during the last Six Years can testify from personal experience that the undersigned keep the best assortment of
GOODS FOR TRADE
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I CALL THE ATTENTION of the Citizens of Oahu and the other Islands to the fact that I have OPENED a large
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Where Gentlemen can find a
Well-selected Stock of Goods,
Chosen with great care, as to style, and adapted to this climate.
Having had an extensive experience in connection with some of the largest importing houses in New York and Philadelphia, I can assure my customers that they will not only secure the
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but will also obtain at my place
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that can be turned out of any establishment in the Eastern cities.
English Hunting Pantaloons!
—AND—
LADIES' RIDING HABITS
MADE A SPECIALITY.
Children's Suits, in Eastern Styles.
W. TREGLOAN, Honolulu.

Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

THIS PAGE IS

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meets the third Thursday of every month, at the Lyceum, for business and discussion. All interested in Y. M. C. A. work are cordially invited to attend.

LIST OF OFFICERS AND STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE Y. M. C. A.

President, Dr. J. M. Whitney; Vice President, E. C. Damon; Secretary, W. A. Kinney; Treasurer, C. A. Peterson.

Reading Room Committee—E. Dunscombe.

Editor—Wm. R. Castle, Editor of the 8th page of *The Friend* for this quarter.

Chinese Mission Committee—Rev. S. C. Damon, H. Waterhouse, J. B. Atherton, Rev. C. M. Hyde

Entertainment Committee—William O. Smith, T. H. Davies.

Employment Committee—S. B. Dole, E. Dunscombe, B. F. Dillingham.

Committee to Visit the Hospital and Prison—G. C. Lees, E. Dempsie, W. W. Hall, Dr. C. M. Hyde.

Committee of Early Meeting at Fort-street Church—Dr. J. M. Whitney, G. C. Lees.

☞ A contemporary speaks sharply of the Honolulu Young Men's Christian Association, and yet accords to it some life. There is both truth and misrepresentation in its statements. It is truly a matter of regret, that the meetings do not call out more of the membership; that strangers and others not members are not allured by the prospect of a pleasant evening, to come to these meetings. In fact they are more useful than our critic would have us believe. It is not proposed to deny that in some respects there is a lack of life in this society. No apology is offered, nor excuse. It is the fact, and the young men of the churches and those without who are not connected with other organizations for Christian work, ought to connect themselves with this society and see to it, that it becomes a living and active force in the community. It is true that our association is not dead, for, as our contemporary says, we are doing, or trying to do some active work among certain classes of the community. It is but just to the association and of interest to the public that this be known. There are committees of the society which visit and minister to those in prison and in the hospital; a committee also furnishes public entertainments from time to time which we believe compare favorably with anything of the kind offered in town. They are not for mere amusement, but are intended, and it is believed that they do offer real food for the public mind. These are certainly departments of work which are sustained and very properly belong to such a society. But the above is not offered by way of boasting, we are too well conscious of the fact that we are not an energetic wedge pushing irresistably which ever way pointed. We are sadly aware that as a rule the monthly meetings of the association are exceedingly languid; that there is much important work which is left undone by us, and is not done by other benevolent and Christian societies of the place. These facts should stimulate a renewal of activity. There is a very important branch which perhaps belongs to an association of this character more than to any other; this is work among the young men and strangers. Honolulu and the islands never had a larger number of young men and others, strangers, who come to reside, seeking health and for other purposes. A few of them from habit or principle attend the church services and after a time perhaps connect themselves with church or other societies. But the far larger proportion, even if church-goers at home, are not here invited, and easily fall into the loose ways of the country, stay away, grow to spending Sunday as a day for amusement and recreation only, or fall into sin of various kinds, of which our state of society affords peculiar opportunities. Those whose homes are in the islands, who are acquainted with the ins and outs of Hawaiian life, who know the temptations spread out for the passions, are gravely responsible for many of the sins of omission of our young men and strangers. It is indeed time that a renewed life was impelled through our various societies and organizations.

☞ The last steamer mail brings the "Year Book" of the International Committee of the "Young Men's Christian Associations" for the year 1880-81. It is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet of 125 pages, containing annual reports of the secretaries for various departments for the world. The compilation is the work of the International Committee having its headquarters in New York City. By this interesting report, a slight glance is furnished of the splendid work doing, the world over, by this large and important branch of Christian workers. Although the name is "International," the work reported relates particularly to the United States and Canada. But some statistics are furnished of the "Central International Committee" of the world having its headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland.

The work specially connected with the reports set forth in this "Year Book" is exceedingly interesting and varied.

In statistics a few figures will be interesting.

Fifty-eight associations own buildings valued at $2,400,000; 146 own libraries worth $145,500, with 150,900 volumes; 200 sustain courses of lectures; 61 sustain educational classes; 250 keep open reading rooms, of which 141 report an average daily attendance of 10,126; 120 have bible classes for young men only; 59 report such classes for both sexes; 400 hold meetings in jails, hospitals and elsewhere; 46 report Sunday schools conducted by their members; 107 hold open air meetings.

The International Committee has 26 secretaries employed in work among railroad men, and work for them is doing at 72 points. There are 96 College Y. M. C. A.'s, and 73 associations have furnished employment to 8,473 needy persons. Special work has been commenced among the blacks in the Southern States, work which has long been considered necessary by the southern associations.

A secretary devotes all of his time to work among the large class known as commercial travelers.

So far as reported the number of Young Men's Christian Associations is about as follows:

Great Britain	281
France	65
Germany, with 8,035 members, 113 libraries, 20,710 volumes	293
Holland	406
Switzerland	80
Switzerland, German speaking	121
Sweden	80
Belgium, about	16
Italy, Spain and Austria	16
India	2
Syria	5
Africa, Japan and Hawaii	9
Australasia	13
United States and Canada	972

☞ The Chinese Church on Fort-street, is making rapid progress and will soon be ready for occupancy. It ought to be too small for its audience before very long. Much and good work opens up to be done among this large class of people.

☞ There is some prospect that a lady whose whole heart and soul is in the Chinese work, and whose tongue speaks their difficult language, may be induced to become one of our earnest workers. She is at present in New York, but negotiations have been pending which, it is hoped, may be successful in bringing her out.

☞ An advertisement still continues, "church for sale," in our papers, but so far no stone has been laid for the new Kaumakapili Church. This new building ought to be an example of church architecture for our tropical clime, something at once simple, tasteful and so cool, that it alone will invite.

☞ At one time, some years ago, there were several vigorous Sunday schools about the suburbs of the town, at Waikiki, Manoa, Pauoa, and elsewhere, conducted by our young people. Where are these schools now? And where are the young people or their successors in this good work? That work was not unsuccessful. Many of the scholars at those schools are to-day engaged in honest trades in town, and are the fathers and mothers of respectable families, living, in some degree at least, according to the teaching at their little schools.

☞ One of the most difficult of the problems in our island, social and religious life is the demon of feeling by the natives against foreigners. It is not to be wondered at, that such feeling should exist, when a nation feels itself fading away before a stronger, but it must be extinguished or controlled in individuals if they desire any real progress. This feeling just now threatens the proceedings instituted by natives themselves to enquire into the conduct of one of the native pastors. If the man be honest and true, he ought sternly to frown down such feeling and insist on a rigorous continuation of this examination that he may come out like burnished gold from the fire.